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VOL. XXX.

NO. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mea gratia inaret, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimesque PATRES."

JULY, 1865.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Poole,

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXV.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. VIII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

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CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE,

GEORGE C. HOLT,

L. CLIFFORD WADE,

HENRY O. WHITNEY.

Faith as an Element of Earnestness.

THE attainment of an object having been resolved upon, in order that the purpose may assume a positive value, there must be confidence in the power to achieve and desire for success; or there must be trust that the proposed action is in the line of duty, either to man and so indirectly to God, or directly to God Himself, together with an awakening of passion in its fulfillment. The first has been called Faith, and for the second Enthusiasm is certainly not an improper term. These two seem to me to be the elements of Earnestness. No purpose is formed without the first, and without both combined, none is perfected.

I think of Faith in two senses differing a little from each other. From this definition both may be derived: Faith is belief or trust; not caused by pertinent demonstration, but arising from foreign knowledge. We receive information because the informer has always borne an upright character. We do not *know* that he is telling truth, but use Faith, because he has never deceived. We trust in God's future love and mercy, since these have been manifested in the past, and are his attributes. And our Faith embraces the doctrine of the Trinity, for He declared it, a part of Whose power, made visible to men, impressed an idea of its infinite character.

Different shades of idea are involved in these examples. In the first there may be positive dislike for the person concerned, causing a

wish to discredit his statements. In spite of this, unaccompanied by any affection, Faith springs up out of love and respect for truthfulness which has been exhibited on former occasions. And as the dislike increases, there must be more certain knowledge of the previous rectitude.

But in the other examples a personal affection is indispensable. A soul hardened toward God, puts no Faith in His mercy, though seen in the past and felt in the present. To it all is severity. Child-like confidence can repose only in a heart of love.

The doctrine of the Trinity is not *believed* by every one who refuses to combat it, and whose assent fear and education have compelled. It is too grand and awful for that. It requires a complete rendition of Reason, such as only the strongest affection can prompt and sustain.

In the first instance, it might be contended that Faith was balanced by the amount of foreign intelligence, but in the other cases, this intelligence becomes nothing, when compared with the sublimity of the object and the magnitude of the action. In order that man may exercise the most perfect confidence in the divine plan, and trust in God's protecting power, Reason must resign her cherished demonstration, Pride give place to Humility, and Skepticism permit the unchallenged entrance of Truth. This is Faith, in its highest and noblest character.

In this latter phase we accept it as an element of Earnestness. There may exist, it is true, at the same time, a subjective Faith; but to be genuine, it must arise from the other and form a subservient part of the loftier inspiration.

But such an element as this gives Earnestness a divine origin and character,—one which is inconsistent with and refuses application to sin. A question immediately arises. Can a man be truly earnest in the pursuit of wickedness? I answer, no. He may be enthusiastic, never earnest. Weakness always accompanies vice, but Earnestness is an absolute essential of active strength, which is inseparable from virtue.

To do right, involves opposition to the downward tendencies of our nature, to the depravity and sinfulness of the human heart. Besides, the allurements of temptation are not to be easily overcome, and the triumph over them can be obtained only by the most earnest effort.

But to do wrong, on the other hand, is to listen to the dictation of the passions, to allow temptation the ascendancy, and to follow whithersoever it may lead, in mind and body. To do this, needs no exertion,

no Earnestness. Yield to the gratification of the passions, and they will create, by their own exercise, that unhealthy excitement which men sometimes strive to dignify by a higher name.

Besides this, the effects are antagonistic. Real Earnestness, put forth in the employment of strength, ennobles; but the passionate excitement displayed under the leadership of Vice, enervates and degrades. There is, then, a difference between virtue and vice, not only in intrinsic character, but in the manner of pursuit. Earnest strength has no part in deeds of wrong.

It may be fairly said, that Earnestness is coëval with purpose. Yet either of its elements may previously exist. Influenced by Enthusiasm, the mind may ardently desire the achievement of what it believes to be an impossibility; and the desperate but intermittent efforts of him whose mind is in such a state, make it apparent that trust in the divine plan is the most important element of Earnestness. These spasmodic impulses result from aroused passion, not from will distinctly defined. To beget this, eager desire unsupported is not sufficient.

But Faith not only shows to the mind the feasibility of an action, it also excites Enthusiasm, if dormant, with the hope of certain success. As soon as this combination takes place, at the very instant, purpose is formed. For there cannot be a belief, that a course of action is part of the divine plan, and hence under God's fostering guidance, and a yearning to perform it, without a firm resolve of the will to make the attempt. Neither Earnestness nor Purpose is begotten by the other, but each springs in a great measure from Faith.

Having thus considered the agency of Faith in the formation of purpose, let us briefly trace its effect, in the application. At the outset, Enthusiasm, lately aroused, glows with ardor. It urges to a harder endeavor, and even seems the strongest aggressive element of Earnestness. But when the expected trials are found harder than they seemed, and when unforeseen difficulties impede further advance, ardor is dampened and the energies flag. Enthusiasm alone would resign the struggle.

But Faith, calm and quiet from the first, rolling on, ever increasing in volume like a mighty river, bursts every barrier, re-creates Enthusiasm, and bears the mind onward to the final triumph.

Without Faith, Enthusiasm is excitement without stability. Being the working of the passions, it may give an uncertain impulse, it can never sustain constant pursuit.

Faith controls and prolongs. A divine inspiration, by its appeals, awakening the emotional nature more forcibly, it is the soul of earnest effort and main-spring of perseverance.

Considered as the most exalted action of which the mind is capable, the repose of perfect confidence in God, it constitutes a great principle of Christian character, and gives its possessors strength to endure persecution and martyrdom with unflinching hearts. Its glorious victories are prominent in History. It upheld Washington and his compatriots in their contest for civil liberty, and formed in Calvin and Martin Luther an earnestness which the power of the Romish church, accumulated in many ages, was unable to overthrow. Still further in the past, it breathed into Socrates a spirit which has elevated the world. Deducing his life's mission from the response of the Delphic oracle, and giving up all common avocations, he devoted his vast abilities entirely to the duty of examining and reproving himself and his countrymen. Religion, as revealed to us, was denied him; but trust in God was surely his. His sensitive mind perceived the Divine Being in all the natural phenomena, and heard it within in "the still, small voice," which often dissuaded, but never advised. A little time before his death, he gave expression to a noble idea of Faith as an element of Earnestness. He had impersonated the Laws, in their majesty, sounding their claims to obedience, till all other noise was excluded from his ear, till he was no longer able to listen to the persuasion of wrong. Turning to his friend, Crito, he exclaimed, "*in this way God leads, and in this way let us follow.*"

L. C. W.

The Effect of Republican Institutions on Literature.

THE legitimate object of government is to promote the welfare of the people governed. It is the theory of Republican government that this object will be best accomplished when the people govern themselves. For the interests of the rulers will then coincide with the interests of those ruled over; and the external glory of the state, which, in oligarchical governments, absorbs the attention of the rulers will be secondary to the welfare of the people.

There is a broad principle underlying the theory of Republican government, which, indeed, our forefathers specifically declared. It is that "all men are created free and equal." For, admitting the necessity of some kind of government for the preservation of order, this principle is recognized and acted upon, when the people are authorized to say by what laws and what rulers they will be governed.

Two important results naturally arise from the nature of a Republican government. In the first place, its laws will be as free and as liberal as is consistent with the preservation of order. In other words, its citizens will enjoy as much liberty as possible. For the people will be unwilling to entrust great power into the hands of a few, or to bind themselves by unnecessary or stringent laws.

In the second place its institutions will be democratic,—for the good of all. For in every man the government recognizes a rational being, capable of self government, whose happiness is a thing of supreme importance.

By Republican institutions, then, we mean those free, liberal, democratic institutions that naturally arise from the nature of Republican government. Such institutions, I believe, are favorable to literature, in the first place, because they increase the intelligence of the people and thus create a demand for it.

Republican institutions are calculated to increase popular intelligence in several ways. The object of the government is to promote the welfare of the people, and nothing is more conducive to this than education. Hence, systems of education will be countenanced, if not established, by the laws. These last regard man, as we have already seen, as endowed with capacities and powers which nothing but education will develop; and as endowed with powers of discrimination which he is at liberty to exercise in choosing the men who are to rule over him. Nothing is more indispensable to a proper use of this privilege than intelligence. Nay, the exercise of this privilege is, in itself, well calculated to make him intelligent. For the men from whom he is to choose, are the representatives of ideas and principles. Numberless agencies are at hand to promulgate these ideas, and to expound these principles. The newspapers will discuss them. Great popular assemblies will convene to talk them over, and thus the citizen can hardly fail to get some insight into the great questions of government and political economy.

Now, wherever we find such popular intelligence and education as this, we shall find a demand for literature. The more knowledge men obtain, the more they desire. And in literature, as in other things,

the supply will regulate itself, to a great extent at least, according to the demand that is made for it. Hence we see one great reason why literature should flourish in a Republic.

In considering the causes that tend to disseminate popular intelligence, I have purposely omitted one of the chief causes, since it is in itself an independent cause of the existence of literature in a Republic. It is, that Republican Institutions stimulate thought.

In a Republic, a person has every opportunity to put theory into practice. In other words, if, in process of thinking, he come to have strong convictions, or peculiar ideas, there is nothing to prevent his carrying out those ideas, and making them known to his fellow-men. The established freedom of speech and of the press invite him to do so. And if the subject be one of public interest, the press and the platform are both ready to circulate his ideas. Thus he may entertain a hope that the people at large will ultimately adopt them. And when he influences the people, he influences those who make the laws, and in whom measures of reform, on all subjects, originate. Thus he has every reason to expect that his own process of thought will lead, eventually, to actual results. Surely, there can be no greater stimulus to thought than this.

If, on the contrary, there is not this freedom of speech,—if one knows that he is powerless to communicate the results of his thinking to his fellow-men, the great incitement to thought is taken away. It is better not to think at all, under such circumstances, than to have strong feelings and convictions, which, if allowed no outgrowth, will prey upon the one who is sensible to them. This is just the state of things under a despotic, oligarchical government. Free speech is incompatible with their existence. And the most skillful rulers who have governed under such a form of government, seeing that thought, without the power of utterance, would inevitably lead to discontent, have made it one great object to keep the people from thinking. Anything that would accomplish this end, whether in the shape of foreign wars, or magnificent games and shows, have been freely resorted to.

Now thought, put into language, and written out, is what constitutes literature. What a great advantage, then, in their effect upon literature, do Republican institutions, which foster and encourage thought, possess over those whose very safety lies in its non-existence.

Thus we see how Republican institutions are favorable to the existence of literature, because they diffuse intelligence, and thus create a demand for it; and because they stimulate thought, and are thus well-

calculated to supply that demand. There is another effect of these institutions, which tends to make that literature of a high order.

The great object of thought is, to find out truth. Man is left by his Maker in a state of ignorance about many things, partly, we have reason to believe, that he may develop his own faculties in the process of learning, and thus find out the truth for himself. Now we have a right to infer that those conclusions to which men come in their search for truth, among a people whose ideas on the subjects of greatest importance to man are substantially correct, will be more likely to be just conclusions, than those to which men come, who live where wrong ideas are entertained on those subjects,—I mean the subjects that relate to man's nature. A person's ideas on these, form a stand point, as it were, whence he views all other subjects. They form the basis upon which he builds up his theories. If on these subjects, I repeat, a person's ideas are substantially correct, it is one important step toward correctness on all subjects. And we shall see what an important thing truth is to the author, if we remember that when he writes, he simply communicates his own thoughts to others; and that his own object in thinking is, to arrive at truth. I shall endeavor to show that Republican institutions are calculated to give men true ideas of the nature of man and of life.

The tendency of such institutions, as we have already seen, is to exalt the importance of man. He is looked upon as infinitely superior to any thing else in the world. His welfare and happiness are of supreme importance. In comparison with these, everything else becomes insignificant. This is exactly in accordance with the Bible's estimate of man, and consequently must be a just estimate.

Again, the fundamental principle of Republican government is, that men are born free and equal. Under a government founded on such a doctrine, all claims to superiority on the ground of rank, by reason of "noble birth," fall into insignificance. Rank that does not originate in excellence of some kind or other, is done away with, so far as possible. The laws recognize no other. Worth, on the contrary, is the standard of value. This, again, is a truth which the New Testament gives especial prominence to.

Still again, the people of a Republic look at life more in its true nature than others do. They see life as it is, and as it was intended to be by God, as a time for work, not for mere pleasure. For men are brought together in a Republic, the rich and poor, the educated and uneducated; and thus, if not from their own experience, at least from seeing life as it is with others,—as it is with the great majority

of mankind,—they cannot fail to have some idea of its real import. How different is it where distinctions of rank keep men separated, as if contamination were the result of intercourse. Surely, the great democratic principles of Republicanism are in accordance with the doctrines of Christianity.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this effect of Republican government, because I believe it is intimately connected with our subject.

Let us briefly consider a few of the more important branches of literature, in detail, more especially as to their dependence for excellence upon the true ideas of the author on these subjects, already specified.

History is one of the most important branches of literature. The qualification most necessary to the historian, is a mind well developed in all its faculties; a “general knowledge of many arts and sciences, rather than an intimate knowledge of one.”

In short, all the qualities that tend to give a person a well-balanced mind, are peculiarly necessary to him,—sound judgment, good reasoning powers, and powers of discrimination. But yet, with all these, if he set up a wrong standard whereby to estimate men and events, he cannot be called a good historian. For instance, a Roman Catholic could scarcely write a good history of the revival of classical learning in Europe, although he possessed wonderful powers of discrimination and judgment. For that event is closely allied with another, which, in his view, was a great curse to man, but in ours, a great blessing, viz., the Reformation. The object of history is, to learn wisdom from the experience of the past. But if we put a false construction on past events, if we pervert their true significance, by reason of a false standard, we should do far better to let history alone.

Of what great importance, then, to the historian, are those correct ideas of man, and true views of life, which, in the main, certainly, Republican institutions are calculated to give?

In poetry, again, which is the field of the imagination, the importance of a right estimate of man is very great. We have seen that the effect of Republican institutions is, to set that estimate very high. They invest the nature of man—that in which every man differs from all else in the world—with a worth and sublimity infinitely higher than anything else. Naturally, then, the poet who seeks a subject worthy of exaltation, and worthy to be endowed with sublimity, will find that subject in man,—not in the person of the magnificent monarch, but in the person of any man endowed with noble traits of character. Thus truth, that is, true views of man, are extremely import-

ant to the poet also, that his ideal may approximate to a true ideal. Here again we see the good effects of Republican ideas.

Another important department of literature, which time will not allow me to consider at length, is that which has for its special object the portrayal of life and character. This was, formerly, the peculiar province of the drama; but now it is rather that of fiction, that takes the form of the novel. This kind of literature, it seems to me, is peculiarly favored by Republican institutions. For while here, more than any where else, we see the importance of a right standard of character, and a just estimate of life, we also find a branch of literature especially acceptable to the people at large, where there is a moderate amount of intelligence among the people. And we should divest ourselves of the idea that a popular literature is necessarily inferior. Such was the splendid literature of Athens. Such have been some of the best writers in our own language, as Scott, Dickens, and Mrs. Stowe. In fact, two important requisites to excellence in literature, simplicity and perspicuity, are the very ones best calculated to make it popular.

Want of time and space precludes a farther consideration of other different departments of literature. But the three already touched upon are, perhaps, as important as any.

We have thus far been considering our subject on general grounds. Let us turn, for a moment, to history, and see what has been the actual experience of the past.

If we cast our eyes backward over the many empires that have risen and fallen, leaving nothing behind them but a name, there rises distinctly and brightly before us a vision of Athens, in the full glory of her Republican institutions. This is no reflected light, which streams toward us with such intense brilliancy. It is her own lustre piercing the black darkness that surrounds her on every side and that speedily would quench her glory, were it anything but the glory of intellectual supremacy.

It has sometimes been said that because Athens cherished a monstrous system of slavery, she has no right to the title of a Democracy. But, nevertheless, she was as far in advance of her cotemporaries in the rights she secured to citizens, as is England or America to-day,—nay, a great deal farther. These, among themselves constituted a Republic, and we cannot fail to see the direct influence of her peculiar Republican institutions on her literature. It was to the popular assembly, her most thoroughly democratic institution, where all could speak and vote, that the people owed, in a great measure, their

intelligence. This intelligence led to a demand for literature. And under this stimulus Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, wrote. Here, again, was nurtured their love of eloquence, and here they were trained to a proficiency in it, almost never attained elsewhere. Here Pericles and Demosthenes were schooled, and here they delivered those master-pieces of oratory that remain to this day models of excellence. In short, her free institutions, and the rights she gave to citizens, stimulated thought in every way. And as the result, we see in eloquence, in philosophy, in history, in the drama, a race of intellectual giants. A diligent study of their productions is considered, to-day, the best training possible, to secure discipline and cultivation of the mind. What a contrast to the glory of Athens does the gloom that broods around despotic, tyrannical Sparta, present!

A word in regard to the literature of our own country before we close. She is the embodiment of Republican ideas and principles. Why, then, has she not produced a literature that will bear comparison with the literature to which England has given birth?

England, I reply, is an old country. All her institutions have had abundant time to develop themselves to a state of great perfection. Her people are thoroughly homogeneous. Her institutions are nearly as free and democratic as our own, and in consequence, she has a standard literature, which, in extent, has never been equaled.

We, on the contrary, are a young nation. Our institutions are by no means so perfect,—so thorough in their operations, as are those of England. We have not had time to become homogeneous, since we cover a vast extent of country; and this is an important influence in the production of a national literature. Our resources of wealth have been so extensive that they have absorbed the attention of our citizens. Considering these things, we have no reason to be ashamed of our literature. It embraces the writings of gifted and eloquent statesmen, of truthful and reliable historians, of talented, imaginative poets, of interesting and able essayists on the subjects of politics, ethics, art, and science. Were it not that we are brought into inevitable comparison with England, because we speak the same language with her, we should, ourselves, have a more just appreciation of our literature, as would also the people of other nations. But, surely, with our system of free-schools, with all our institutions for the diffusion of knowledge and truth, we have every reason to expect, if the experience of the past be any criterion, that we shall ultimately possess a national standard literature of surpassing excellence.

J. F. M.

The Phantom Ship.

'Tis winter in New Haven: o'er the ground
The snow lies deep and, spray-like, drifting 'round,
Whirls in the fierce December wind that roars
And shrieks and whistles 'bout the doors
Of low-roofed cottages: and sore-tried elms,
Like faithful pilots standing at the helms
Of storm-tossed vessels, creak and bow and groan
Before the blast. The traveler, plodding on,
In ev'ry vital feels the biting cold,
And seeks defense in many a flutt'ring fold.
Yet bleak as is the time, and harsh the wind,
No sense the village bears of storm unkind;
Nor thought it has of cosey fire-side nooks -
Or indoor comforts. All, with anxious looks,
Gaze seaward; hardy sun-burnt pioneers,
And tender maids and matrons bent with years
In silent groups about the rocking pier,
A mourful crowd: where oft a gath'ring tear,
Or dash of spray, or gloomy tow'ring surge,
Obscures the view.—Far on th' horizon's verge
A gallant vessel rides, now rearing high
On mountain waves that seem to meet the sky,
Now pitching headlong down some black abyss
And lost to sight amid the breakers' hiss.
Yet bravely ploughs she on, as well she may,
For precious freight her oaken planks convey;
A precious living freight, as brave a band
As ever left their own for foreign land,
The noble founders of the colony,
Men who, with purpose fixed to do, or die,
Had quelled the savage, and along the Sound,
Safe pleasant homes of refuge found.
—For them this mournful crowd along the strand;
Towards them each straining look, each pointing hand;
God-speed! farewell! those earnest glances say,
As slow the stout ship sinks in twilight grey.
Not *over* stout that tossing bark, I ween,
For rumor saith that Master Lamberton,
In surly seaman fashion, swore an oath,
The ship would surely sink, and seeming loath,
Had stepped on board.—Now 'mid the deep'ning gloom

A speck the vessel seems, and now—she's gone,
 And leaves no sign amid the waters black,
 Save the wierd length'n'ing trail that marks her track.
 —Far out the ocean rolls beyond the light*
 O'er raging surf, its foam-crests gleaming white;
 While nearer heave huge ice-cakes, crowded thick,
 Which, rising, show the yawning gulf, then, quick
 Relapse.—And fast dies out the sombre day,
 And night, o'er all the scene, assumes her sway.

* * * * *

'Tis Summer in New Haven; gentle winds,
 With breezy rustle, stir the climbing vines
 And wealth of roses, clust'ring thick and high,
 About the cottage doors; thick scattered lie
 Sweet-scented apple-blossoms, mimic flakes
 O'er all the grass: the joyful robin wakes
 His blithest note, and 'neath the smiling blue
 Of June's fair sky, constructs his nest anew.
 A pleasant village this; its one long street
 By shading elms o'erhung, whose branches meet
 Entwined above, and let the light of day
 In softened radiance down, a golden spray,
 Upon the road and grass-grown path below.
 On either side, queer shapes the dwellings show,
 Of gabled roof and antique window pane,
 And walls stained brown by many a Winter's rain.
 —With pleasant summer sounds the air is full;
 The dreamy hum of bees, the locust's call,
 The chirp of crickets, and the whisper oft
 Of nodding corn-plumes, sighing soft.
 —Along the water-side, where yellow sand
 With sunny gleaming ends the green-robed land,
 Stretched in the shade, a few stray loungers lie,
 And watch the fleecy cloud-land floating by.
 A fairy prospect 'tis, such as in dreams
 The blissful end of all our longing seems.
 The gently curving shores with verdure crown'd,
 The placid sea, the water's rippling sound,
 And far away, dim in the distant blue,
 Long-Island's outline closing in the view.

But lo! a sail! a small dim spot of white,
 Like vent'rous sea-bird winging far her flight,
 Appears in front. Slow rising from the deep
 The pennon'd trucks and tap'ring topmasts peep,
 Till, full in sight, the stranger bark displays

* Beacon-light or lighthouse.

A shape familiar to the village gaze;
The dauntless ship that sailed so long ago
Her voyage of peril through the ice and snow.
Loud shouts of joy salute the welcome form,
Returned to port unharmed by sea or storm,
In gallant mien with all her canvas set,
Her spars and decks with flying sea-foam wet;
The blue waves curling gaily 'round her prow,
Her ready anchor hanging at the bow,
And straining in the breeze each tightened brace,
She forges on and nears the shore apace.
Now in an instant stills the shouting loud;
A strange cold horror gathers o'er the crowd.
The bark comes in despite the ebbing tide
And lack of wind, and lab'ring, seems to ride
A troubled sea; and ghastly faces peer
From ev'ry port, and mocking voices jeer;
And ghastly livid shapes, in grave-clothes clad,
Flit o'er the decks and yards, then sudden fade.
And now a fierce tornado rushes down;
Each swelling sail is from its bolt-ropes blown;
The tott'ring mainmast sways and crashing falls,
And dire destruction all the sea appals.
Slow settling sinks the weather-beaten hull,
While sad the gurgling waters speak her knell.
Struck with dismay, the gazing people stand,
The mournful phantom viewing from the land.
Then towards each other turn and vacant stare,
And tremble strangely with a nameless fear.
—But now the calm is broken; sobs and cries
And bitter lamentations rend the skies.
'Such was her fate,' they wail, 'such was her fate,'
And nought of comfort can their grief abate;
Till o'er the din a solemn voice of prayer,
Like oil on troubled waters, bids forbear;
As prays with out-stretched hands the man of God,
Thy will be done, Oh, Lord! we know Thy rod
Has stricken down our hope and crushed our pride,
Yet still we praise Thy name, for Thou hast died
For us, and though Thou scourgest deep and hard,
In meek submission shall we find reward.

Long years have passed away, and in their course,
Have gathered grave-ward all who could endorse
My story's truth, but still the tale remains,
And still from all implicit credence gains,
How in the times of yore the Lord displayed
To His own chosen flock this wond'rous shade;
And still, whene'er about the fireside hearth,

Relax the louder sounds of laughing mirth,
 And story-telling dames in droning key
 Speak ghostly tales or 'scapes by land and sea,
 Unfailing comes this legend from some lip,
 The marvellous sailing of the Phantom Ship.

B.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

The Statesman and Politician Compared.

BY JOSEPH APPLETON BENT, NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

ANALYSIS.

- I. The modern conception of the State.
 The Statesman defined.
 The Politician defined.
- II. Their principles of action compared.
 The Statesman; Public Spirit.
 Benevolence, Independence, Consistency,
 The Politician; Party Spirit.
 Selfishness, Subserviency, Versatility.
- III. Their characteristics contrasted.
- IV. Their different philosophy of society and state.
 Beneficent Nationality;
 Selfish Partizanship.
 (a) As reasonably deduced.
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 Faith in Moral Truths;
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 (a) The highest duty of Statesmanship.
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- V. The Statesman alone meets the duties of a Christian civilization.

ORATION.

A Christian civilization views the whole human race bound together by the relation of right. Our rights are the essential conditions of that development, which is the divine command and the law of our being. To secure these rights, society is organized on the basis of justice. This natural union of moral beings in the form of an organized society with peculiar laws, is the modern conception of the State. No mysterious unity, such as, to the ancient, absorbed his aspirations for its own exaltation, and exacted servitude as a right; it is, rather,

a Christian personality, divinely ordained, informed with the life of society, whose well-being is its end, and receiving homage as a duty. The truest servant of the State is the benefactor of the race. The public man who grasps the full conception of the State, wields its government, moulds its opinion, and guides its parties by a policy which shall develop its influence abroad, its strength at home, we call the Statesman; the man of principles. Should he, however, subordinate principles to policy, and manage public interests with partial service, we call him Politician; the man of expedients.

The distinction between the Statesman and the Politician is laid in the nature of each. This, their principles of action assert. The leading motive of the Statesman is a public, as distinguished from a party, spirit. Public spirit is the principle of benevolence, seeking the highest welfare of the whole body of the State, not only for the happiness of all its members, but through that, of all mankind. It requires the sacrifice, on the ground of duty, of all partial interest to the general good. Governed then by the generous principle of public spirit, the Statesman performs his mission with a characteristic benevolence, like Aristides; independence, like Burke; consistency, like Pitt. The ruling motive of the Politician, on the other hand, is a party, as opposed to a public, spirit. Party spirit is the principle of selfishness, seeking the success of particular, not of general interests. While public spirit is a generous devotion to the common good, wisely directed to a worthy object, party spirit is an unreasonable preference for a cherished measure, or an undue attachment to a separate body. Endangering society by its passions, practicing hostility against its opponents, and making private aggrandizement its reward, it is an element of disturbance in the State. Moved then by a party spirit, the Politician pursues his ends with a characteristic selfishness, like Themistocles; subserviency, like Caius Gracchus; versatility, like Alcibiades.

Such are the general characteristics of the Statesman and the Politician. They are thus differences laid in the original constitution of each. But, upon closer contrast, they stand forth more clearly as distinct personages in the State. In all that makes up character and capacity, the Statesman is preëminent. In all that craft and address include, the Politician is unrivalled. They do not differ greatly in station. The splendid statesman, Pericles, the flower of Grecian politics, fills no larger space in history than the mean, but magnificent, Louis the Fourteenth; the modest Temple, whose Triple Alliance canonized his name in Holland, than the rapacious Charles the Bold.

Nor are they so far apart in the exciting influence of will. The grand conception of Charlemagne's—a Christian empire rising from the grave of Rome to grasp, with its sturdy energies, a German nationality—worked no more riot in the thought of Europe, than the plot of an imperial demagogue, to make the fated name, Napoleon, the bond of universal empire. The iron will of Cromwell wrought no wider influence for good; than for evil, the subtle Philip Second, the sickly embodiment of Spanish bigotry. But in moral power, the Statesman exceeds the Politician. He takes a higher rank by native right. He acquires new dignity by his ennobling office. The might of individual character is impressed on all his acts. They thus become durable, typical, prophetic. In his life you read the better thought of the State. You feel the sense of justice throbbing for utterance. He speaks for eras; articulates the hitherto unspoken prayer for rights, for liberty. You see, through him, the State, thinking, speaking, growing, declining. The eloquence of Pericles was proud; of Demosthenes, indignant; they were the voices of two periods in the State. He excels in saving common sense. He is the counsel of the State; the pith of its affairs he sees, and goes, with clearest head, direct, not tortuously, to the point. His sure perception has made him king, uncrowned. Richelieu was France for a space. Pitt unleashed the thunders of Europe. Cavour gave a future to Italy. He is the strength of the State; she leans on him; his form guards the Senate; his name her tower. He stands four-square to all the winds that blow. The Politician, on the other hand, does not misuse the same powers which the Statesman possesses, but uses, to the best of his ability, a lower order of powers. He makes up in suppleness what he lacks in strength, is lithe, facile, artful. Of quicker invention, of shrewder insight than the Statesman, he has less enduring patience. He is smooth-tongued, and fascinates, because, knowing your secret motives, surmizing your hidden hopes, he surprises you with his thoughtful interest, and flatters you unconsciously. His influence is the alluring, not the overpowering, the assimilating. He persuades; the Statesman persuades and convinces. He makes your interest, not your duty, respond to his appeal. With a keener knowledge of human nature, an acuter discrimination of character than the Statesman, he is the strategist by nature, rarely taking the open field, trusting the loyalty of his army and the truth of his cause. The Statesman knows the strength, the Politician the weakness of the State. Thus united in administration, they are invincible; so Chatham was the honesty, and Newcastle the corruption of the strongest ministry in the reign of

George the Second. The Politician wants the moral virtues of the Statesman : self-command, constancy, trust in right ; with more tact, he has less moral courage. He is a trimmer by trade, going from party to party, and keeping useful friends in each, he illustrates Sheridan's satire ; like a ferry-boat, he is made to go from one side to the other. But cunning is the resource of a weak nature ; the greatest men are of a great simplicity. He makes loud professions ; there is an immense deal of humbug about a Politician : he knows it, his cry of thief is meant to divert attention from himself. There is a vast deal of reserved force in the Statesman ; he is calm because he is conscious of it. The steadiness of the Statesman finds no counterpart in the Politician. Though he may have the most attractive qualities, like Villiers, the most moving eloquence, like Mirabeau, the most courtly graces, like Leicester, he yet exercises the worst passions of the heart, by the necessities of his profession. He lives on excitement, thrives by feuds, is embittered by defeats, nurses the fiercest hate. Retribution, not honor, overtakes him at last ; "the stars in their courses fight against" him. It is he that has made politics synonymous with trickery. He is the Belial of Milton, the Gloster and Iago of Shakspeare, the Prince of Machiavelli.

The Statesman and Politician, forming thus two distinct and even opposing characters, must have, to entitle them to the dignity of historic prominence, a distinct, and even opposing philosophy. Their opinions on the nature and methods of national and social progress must have crystalized into a theory. Their practice, through all the varying circumstances of race, locality, and thought, must accord, in its general outline, if not in its particular features, with this generic difference. It is no more than reasonable to expect, in generalizing their principles, to find, both by logical inference and historical example, their philosophy seeking a definite expression. It is unreasonable to suppose, that even should there not be found a broad distinction in their development, there cannot be traced, through long intervals in history, through representative leaders, through marked forms of thought, some characteristic idea, upon which to build a just theory for each. We believe, then, that a philosophy of society and State grows out of, and is justified by, these active principles ; a philosophy conspicuous in this day both by the dogmas of selfish abstractionists and the philanthropy of reformers, and full of historic grandeur and pathos.

The philosophy of the Statesman, then, is Beneficent Nationality ; of the Politician, Selfish Partizanship. It would be inconsistent in a

public leader, ruled throughout his private life by the various principles which foster and extend a party spirit, to adopt a theory of public action at variance both with the nature of his governing passion, and with any success to be attained by its indulgence. It must be owned that the Politician cannot gain, without transforming his own nature and reversing the operation of fixed principles, the broad view of interests and thought which involve a general, national progress. But the Statesman, by the promptings of his nature, the subject of his study, the object of his affection, his peculiar position, his sensibility to public sentiment, must gain this overlook, and embody its suggested thought in lasting forms. It is no less certain that by such action alone as the Statesman contemplates, Society and State can retain their power, as permanent and influential factors in the world's progress, and that the arts of the Politician may delay, but cannot defeat, the retribution which finally dooms a selfish policy. History adds its voice to that of reason, and proclaims, with startling emphasis, that the Politician regards the State as an institution which may be safely subordinated to the particular community to which his allegiance may seem due, the community to the interest to which his service may be pledged, and the welfare of the whole humanity, of which his State is but the noblest servant, to the same contracted sentiment. The belief of this, as his conception, in the minds of his own victims, becomes, in some dark hour which no counsel of his can illumine, an intolerable conviction, and an uprising of all the elements of the State, consigns him and his arts to infamy. But if this may be reasonably deduced from their principles of action, it is confirmed by their relative development, as philosophical ideas. While the State, through civil reform and revolution, through the expanding sympathies of a progressive civilization, has enlarged its meaning; while the Statesman, maturing slowly, stands, to-day, in the full stature of guardian and guide, the Politician is the same selfish intriguer as when first he managed the politics of a city. The πόλις to the Grecian was the State. The collective sovereignty called the City, with its oppressed dependencies, was the highest object of political allegiance. "The City and the State were one and the same; while no organization less than the City, could satisfy the exigencies of an intelligent freeman, the City was, itself, a perfect and self-sufficient whole, admitting no incorporation into a higher unity."* His politics were thus essentially city-politics, from which the *politician* derives his name. Looking

* Grote.

upon neighboring cities with dread or hate, upon his tributaries with contempt, never, but with rare and memorable exceptions, did the politician rise to a conception of the larger whole. In the Demagogue, from the armed Peisistratus down to Cleon and Hyperbolus, we find the complete prototype of the modern politician. How rare, throughout the career of those discordant cities, a national magnanimity. How few the souls, bursting the bonds of a party spirit, that conceived the grand mission of Greece, the possibilities of her future. How the Statesman, for once, spoke in that great counsel to the Greeks, allied at last, to let the Persian profane the *soil* of Athens, but out at Salamis, to call their ships their country and *themselves* the republic.

The philosophy of the Statesman is Faith in Moral Truths; of the Politician, a political Atheism. To combine national policy with the tendency of moral truths, is the highest duty of Statesmanship. If the ascendancy of moral truths, and the realization of all the rights which flow from them, are the only true policy, then, to consecrate the policy of an individual as the providential rule of national development, opposes the divine will in human progress. To assume, in this century, that one man is the special agent of divine reform, when our dearest rights are crushed by his oppression, is an atheism that loses none of its repulsiveness under the garb of heroism. The dogma of the divine right of armed heroes to compress the life of States into their own, is false to the genius of civilization. When we are told, then, by the Politician of the age, that they who combat them "do as the Jews did, they crucify their Messiah,"* our moral sense revolts. The title of a special mission, uninspired by the noblest conception of the State, is the old imposture of political mountebanks. Let Cæsar stand out the hero of a principle. But no politician, in this Christian age, can build, on his life, a theory that can shield from the scorn of moral beings, a selfish usurper, however penetrating his designs, however splendid his genius.

And thus it is that the Statesman, meeting, as the Politician never can, the higher duties of a Christian civilization, outlasts the passions of a day, and lives, immortal as that justice, which is the enduring basis of the State, the glory of progress, the attribute of God.

* Napoleon's Cæsar.

The House of Commons,---Its Influence on English History.

THE Roman of the empire traced back his annals until the dimness of the legend was lost in the brightness of a celestial origin; the Englishman loses the track of his history among the savages of the German forest. But while to the Roman the splendor of the myths of Venus and of Jove but made more dark the present, with liberty gone, integrity weakened, and empire undermined, the Englishman finds in the obscurity of the past higher reason for pride in a dominion encircling the globe, and resting on a liberty which blends the strength of youth with the experience of hoary age. Of this liberty the House of Commons has for seven centuries been chief guardian and exponent. To its intrinsic greatness it adds other attractions. The England of Saxon and of Norman, of forest laws and villeinage, of Plantagenet wars and Tudor splendor, is ours by hereditary title, and the England of to-day, under slightly different conditions, is working out the same complex problems of liberty with America. Hence it is with no merely speculative curiosity, but with a deep personal interest, that we may approach that great institution, which is for England the center of the conflict.

The wording of the subject fixes our attention on the influence of the House of Commons on English liberty, yet we can only know how far it is a cause, when we have learned how far it is an effect, and how far it has coöperated with other agencies. A full discussion of the question, then, involves the history and philosophy of English liberty. Moreover, a review of the past and present of that liberty, will afford ground for judgment as to its probable future.

Of the history I shall, for brevity, but state the results of an analysis. The development of English liberty is one of three stages*:—liberties which have existed from time immemorial; recognition which came through Magna Charta; finally, guarantee in the House of Commons. This guarantee again has attained its present character, through three eras of growth:—conflict for power, crowned with victory in 1688; possession of irresponsible power; finally, power responsible to the people, ushered in by the Reform bill.

* Guizot "Rep. Gov."

Passing to the philosophy of English liberty, among its causes, two are specially prominent. One of these is local self-government. The Knight and Burgess were not suddenly elevated from political nonentity to legislate for an empire; parish, county and town meetings had already initiated them into public business, accustomed them to independent deliberation and decision, and inspired them with respect for regular procedure.

Secondly, moral elements have predominated in the development of English liberty. The preaching of Wycliffe and the Lollards preceded the growth of the Commons, in the fifteenth century; it was only after the Puritan revivals had learned the nation that it was prepared for the contest with the Stuarts, and to-day the strength of England's representative institutions lies not so much in the mental as in the moral progress of her people. If we ask the distinctive character of this religious element, we find that it is Protestant; not but the Catholic has been patriotic, he has been a true Englishman, but his has not been the religion of progress. Why was it that while representative government disappeared on the continent, it grew stronger in England? Why was it that while the French States-General perished through discontinuance, and the Spanish Cortez went down in blood, the House of Commons roused from every stupor, and emerged from every conflict, with strengthened sinews and purer life? The same genial skies smiled on each nation, a like fertile soil poured forth its richness, each land was settled by the wild warriors of Thor and Odin, each was early put in communication with the Latin race. We find no sufficient cause for the difference, until we notice their diverse religions. While France and Spain retained a faith which tended to the proscription of thought, England early weakened and finally completely broke her spiritual chains; and so while the Continent, having blindly resigned her highest interests into others' keeping, was ready to surrender the less, England, claiming to determine her religion, was prepared to assert her civil rights; thus by no strained argument, but by following the clear teachings of reason and history, we ascribe the liberties of England preëminently to her religion.

The House of Commons is at once glorious fruit and potent cause in the philosophy of English liberty. It was the natural outgrowth of local self-government, on an independent faith, but ever since its beginning it has stamped its impress on every feature of English liberty. It has been the nursery of that liberty; has made the contest for popular rights more and more peaceful, by its aristocratic element; has reconciled progress and conservatism.

Especially has it maintained and strengthened the principle that capacity is essential to political rights. In early times property was deemed proof of the existence of this capacity, and so in the county the franchise was limited to freeholders, or the wealthier portion of them, and in the boroughs, at its widest extent, only included those "paying scot and bearing lot," and moreover only the more prominent places were represented.

In time the old tests lost much of their original exponential character, and the phenomena of rotten boroughs and unrepresented cities were witnessed,—but the principle remained. It not only gave character to the Reform Bill and the Corporation Act, but also appears in the treatment of the Chartist schemes, and the fact that the most radical English philosophers, like Mill and Spencer, while seeking for other tests to supplement or supplant that of property, reject anything like universal equal suffrage.

English liberty presents several other traits largely due to the House of Commons, yet not in justice to be ascribed to it alone, because existing before it. Of these I mention but two.

It does not crown a structure of despotism. It affords no sanction to the doctrine of Napoleon,—that tyranny is the road to freedom. The present large degree of self-government has only been attained through a long series of additions to the popular power. The school of liberty has been liberty itself.

English liberty is practical. The patriots of England have not sought to construct harmonious systems of states of nature and rights of man. They have been content to meet particular exigencies by particular measures; hence liberty has not started *de novo* at every advance, but each phase has preserved much of the past and foreshadowed much of the future; hence, too, its growth has in the main been parallel to the general national progress, and thus its practical character has given to English liberty an order and symmetry utterly lacking to those French theories, whose very harmony was discord in a disordered world.

What now are the indications as to the future of English liberty? Notwithstanding the glorious conquests of the past, self-government is still incomplete. The power of the popular house is limited by the negative of an hereditary chamber, a negative still in active operation in most branches of legislation. It is also generally admitted, that the electoral body is far too small, that competent classes are still excluded from suffrage. Thus there is room for growth both as to the power possessed and the class possessing it. There

is a strong tendency to progress in the latter direction, manifested in a constant growing demand for extension of the franchise. Foreign example strengthens the demand. If French ideas with their resulting violence and despotism have little weight, the spectacle of the American democracy with its wealth, security, growth and giant strength, refutes all the gloomy assertions and forebodings of Toryism. Moreover, in respect to progress in either direction, the grand initial step has been taken. Prescription, the great bulwark of conservatism, has been broken down. Up to the accession of the Stuarts, the aim of the English patriot was to maintain rather than to gain rights. The contest of the seventeenth century was at once conservative and radical. Thus in the tender of the throne to William, James is declared to have abdicated, that violence might not be done to prescription, while he is also declared to have forfeited the crown by mal-administration,—thus natural right is acknowledged. In 1832, prescription was plead in vain for the maintainance of hoary abuse; age could no longer make wrong venerable, and the franchise was reformed; hence, if the people shall ever deem the union of church and state, as the hereditary element in the legislative and executive branches, incompatible with the full development of liberty, prescription can not save them. That time may never come. The Crown and Lords may always, as now, deserve and possess the respect and affection of the nation, but it is none the less true that the popular will is now recognized as the alternative test of what shall be retained, what rejected, and what introduced in all governmental institutions.

The subject proposed was the influence of the House of Commons on English liberty. I had intended to ascertain this influence directly, but it at once appeared, that the relations of the institution to English liberty were so intimate that the object could only be attained by a general survey of the progress and character of that liberty, taking the House of Commons as a stand point. This has been the aim of the preceding investigation. What, then, is the result? That the House of Commons was at first the outgrowth and has ever since been cause, effect, and component part of English liberty; that as cause alone it has cherished the ideas of that liberty; given tone to its every lineament; made it at once practical, conservative, progressive.

Thus the inquiry leads us into the presence of that fact of English development, which sinks every other to itself, and yields in sublimity to her faith alone. That fact is her civil liberty. That liberty which

fascinates us by a lineage running back beyond memorial and memory; which thrills us with admiration, by rising from each depression to a nobler height than it had before attained; which awes us by the clear impress which it leaves of Almighty care and guidance; which, as it still presses forward in the solution of the profound problems of self-government, finds in its past full guarantee of its future.

J. L. EWELL.

The Class of '65,

ONE more generation of Students has run its course. Freshman year, the period of childhood and innocence; Sophomore year, the period of roystering youthfulness; Junior year, with its strength of manhood; and Senior year, with its dignified and serene old age, have passed away. The Class of '65 has made its last rush, had its last quarrel, and finished its last prize-contest. A few unfortunate individuals have Commencement Pieces to write; a few more have conditions to make up, but nearly all have reached the place where Tutors cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The Catalogue of Freshman year gave the Class a membership of one hundred and twelve. Additions since have increased the number to one hundred and forty-seven. Ninety-eight graduate, of whom sixty-nine were with the Class at the Commencement.

Of those who have left the Class, six are married, and unto one a male child has been born.

The following are the residences, by States, for each of the four years.

	Freshmen.	Sophomores.	Juniors.	Seniors.
Connecticut,	37	35	30	24
New York,	26	21	19	23
Massachusetts,	15	13	14	9
Pennsylvania,	10	10	9	9
Ohio,	4	5	5	7
New Jersey,	3	6	7	7
Illinois,	5	4	4	5
Maine,	2	2	2	3
California,	2	2	2	2.
New Hampshire,	1	2	2	2
Michigan,	1	2	2	2

	Freshmen.	Sophomores.	Juniors.	Seniors.
Vermont,	2	1	1	1
Indiana,	1	1	1	1
Beirut, Syria,	1	1	1	1
Minnesota,	1	1	1	
Iowa,	1			
Rhode Island,		1	1	
Kentucky,			1	1
Maryland,			1	1
Total,	112	107	103	98

The Class has lost five members by death. Franklin E. Alling was among the missing at the battle of Fredericksburg. Edward L. Barnard, Charles DeForest Griffin, and John H. Thompson, all died in the army. Henry B. Shepherd died of Typhoid Fever, in College, April 6th, 1865. Twenty-seven in all have been in the army.

One of the agents of the Sanitary Commission took very full measurements of the Junior and Senior Classes, last term. From his tables we make up the following. The tallest man in '65 is 6 feet 1.2 inches in height; the shortest, 5 feet 3 inches. The average height is 5 feet 7.2 inches. The heaviest man weighs, without coat, vest or boots, 179 pounds; the lightest turns the scales at 109. The average weight is 138.7 lbs. The average size of chest, after inhalation, is 37 inches; largest chest, 43.1 in.; smallest, 34.1. Average measurement of arm around biceps and triceps, 12.4 inches. Largest measurement, 17.4; smallest, 10. Average capacity of chest in cubic inches, as measured by the Spirometer, 205; largest, 312; smallest, 145. Greatest facial angle, 80°; smallest, 65°.

The following were the ages, by half years, on Presentation Day.

19½ to 20	4	24 to 24½	7
20 " 20½	10	24½ " 25	4
20½ " 21	10	25 " 25½	3
21 " 21½	12	25½ " 26	6
21½ " 22	5	26 " 26½	2
22 " 22½	12	26½ " 27	1
22½ " 23	10	27 " 27½	2
23 " 23½	6	27½ " 28	2
23½ " 24	1	28½	1

The oldest man is 28 years, 5 months, 12 days ; the youngest, 19 years, 8 months, 1 day. The average age at Presentation Day was, 22 years, 8 months. The Class birth-day, therefore, was Oct. 21st, 1842.

The Class Pictures furnish the following capillary statistics :—

No hair apparent,	46	Full Beard,	- - - 3
Mustache, - - -	25	Mustache and Sides,	5
Sides, - - -	10	" and Chins,	3
Chins, - - -	5	" and Imperial,	1

Out of regard to the sensitive feelings of certain individuals, we refrain from publishing the usual matrimonial statistics.

The professions in which the members of the Class propose to employ their talents, are as follows :—

Law, - - -	44	Liberal Study, - - -	1
Theology, - - -	18	Civil Engineering, - - -	1
Business, - - -	14	Farming, - - -	1
Medicine, - - -	12	Editing, - - -	1
Teaching, - - -	2	Undecided, - - -	4

According to the Banner of each year, '65 has been divided thus between Brothers and Linonia :—

	Freshmen.	Sophomores.	Juniors.	Seniors.
Brothers,	50	47	50	52
Linonia,	62	57	52	48

The following are correct Prize Lists, by Societies :—

	Prizes.	Honors.	Total.
Brothers,	32	6	38
Linonia,	21	1	22
A. D. Phi,	29	8	37
D. K. E.,	15	3	18
Psi U.,	19	5	24
Gamma Nu,	38	9	47
Delta Kappa,	19	4	23
Kappa Sigma Eps,	18	4	22

It is needless to add, that Linonia took the DeForest Gold Medal.

Of the graduate members, thirteen rejoice in the name of Charles, and six in that of James. There are also thirteen Williams, eleven Henrys, and eight Johns. The following euphonious appellations occur on the Catalogue :—Mumford, Tuzar, Oscar, Roderick, Toliver, Adelbert, Boorman, Cornell, DeHuff, Ebenezer, Dives, Courtney,

Sarmiento, Sager, Stacy, Vanuxem, Clitus, Unangst, Brandegge, Manning Force, and Fitzhugh Ithamar. Of Nick-names, there are the following :—Tony, Small, Sandy, Judge, Jersey, Chalk, Stub (=stubborn,) Europe, Statesman, Corporal, Doctor, Pirate, Peaches, Pete, Pill, Skinny, Brandy, Blind, Dutchy and Rectus.

The Class has possessed excellent musical talent, without running wild on the subject. There has been no regular organization for the purposes of playing either string or wind instruments, nor quite the usual amount of boisterous singing. During Junior year, the Ethiopian Minstrelsy warbled forth its melodies, but for the delectation of only a select few.

Probably no Class ever went into hazing more systematically, or followed it up more vigorously. During the first term of Sophomore year, more than twenty innocent Freshmen were immolated. Then the Faculty took the matter up, and "of those who commenced in a haze, eleven soon were *missed*."

Class meetings have been numerous. At a moderate computation, seventeen were held over the Class motto. Five different mottoes were accepted and afterwards reconsidered and rejected ; three because they were not good Greek, one because it was Latin, and one because it was handed in by a Gamma Nu man. Finally, by the combined efforts of two Committees and the Professor of Greek, an acceptable one was obtained.

Burial of Euclid was first voted down, then voted up, and then voted down again. No Class since has even proposed to revive it. Freshman Pow Wow, as a legitimate and authorized institution, went out with '65. Senior Biennials also cease with the Class. The appointment list is short, but the first scholars rank well. The Valedictorian's mark is 3.58. That of the Class of '62, which is the highest on record, was 3.59. As some one remarked of the Class of '63, the Class "possesses a good deal of real talent *hidden* under a careless exterior," as the Bristed Scholarship, the Yale Lit. Medal, and the DeForest Mathematical Prize, abundantly testify.

The Class commenced its course as the havoc of war was first spreading. It closes its course with the dawn of peace. Although it has in quietness pursued its studies in time of war, yet its patriotism is unimpeached. The alacrity with which many of its members have left its ranks for those of the army, and the sympathy which the rest have shown for them, tell where the heart of the Class is. May the Country and Society find the Class, in the future as in the past, showing its Patriotism and its Humanity

Οὐ λόγῳσι ἀλλ' ἔργοισι.

S.

Eve.

Favored the ladies are,
 For 'neath a lucky star
 Fair Eve was born, while Adam slept on Eden's sward,
 Before betrayed, and from that lovely spot debarred,
 They wandered out to view the world,
 And emigration's flag unfurled.
 O lovely then the world's expanse,
 No kindred creature met their glance,
 Wild, tangled forests darkened earth,
 And frowning rocks of herbage-dearth;
 No lowing flocks, no wavy fields of grain,
 Browsed on the hills or ripened on the plain.
 But even then, did Eve, first of her race,
 True to its ruling passion,
 An apron wear, with real coquettish grace,
 Made in the "extremest" fashion.
 For milliners were scarce in early days,
 With hoops and bonnets, skirts and quilted stays,
 Unknown to Eve was Silk or Satin,
 Or Lace, the boast of proud "Manhattan,"
 Calicoes, Muslins, Berages and Cashmere,
 And *all-wool* Delaines, which have made such a dash here,
 Lawns, Linens, and Gingham, and Moire Antique,
 Alpacca, Gauze, Tissue and Lustre so sleek,
 Merino and Foulard, and—well I declare,
 If I were to name all the stuffs ladies wear,
 Like Sophocles I'd meet my death,
 And cease to live for want of breath.
 In fine then, Eve had no flounces or sleeves,
 But simply an apron made of fig leaves,
 Though such a frail fabric would easily tear,
 She never complained that "she'd nothing to wear."
 Though on Broadway's gay, fashion-trod pavement, I *wear*,
 A dress so unique would be styled rather *green*.

When on a soft, mossy bank they reclined,
 Poor Adam was never teased out of his mind
 For money, to buy her "a love of a bonnet,"
 With rushes and ribbons, and false flowers on it,

Red, white and black feathers,
Blue trimmed at the "gathers,"
Nuts, apples and grapes,
Birdswings, and all shapes,
Bestrewn in confusion,
On finest illusion,
As though they had fallen by chance from the sky,
And been fastened with paste where they happened to lie.

Only her braided hair
Adorned with flowers rare,
Did screen her from the sun's first rays,
While in her bower, at noon-tide's blaze,
Fanned by the mountain breeze she laid,
Or walked with Adam in the shade.

Her little pearly, twinkling feet,
Which Adam fondly deemed complete,
Were not, in durance vile, encased
In boot or gaiter, tightly laced.
No stocking curbed her cunning toes,
Nor hid her heel 'neath silken hose.
The springy arch, the instep high,
Where mark of noble birth doth lie,
Were faultless all, as they should be,
From every imperfection free.

The dress above was rather scant,
And there I'll gladly grant
That time has made a *vast* improvement,
I much prefer the modern movement.
Yet a glimpse of the ankle skirts often display,
In threading the dance or in crossing the way,
And though to some notions of prudery opposed
Eve's little ankles were always exposed.

And then her arms, her tapering arms,
No little adding to her charms,
Were plump and round, and wondrous fair,
(Some are so now—but they are rare,)
The laughing dimples, oh how sweet;
The slender wrist, the hand so neat,
The tiny fingers, lithe and fair,
Which never pulled "dear Adam's" hair.
Now Capt. Williams of the Trent,
When Slidell's little knuckles bent
And hit our Fairfax in the face,
Wished he had been in Fairfax' place.
But I—would any thing might wound me
To feel such lovely arms around me.

But O what words portray her face,
In which was every witching grace,
With beauty, symmetry combined :
A compound you will rarely find.
The forehead neither high nor low,
The eyebrows gently arched below ;
And then her eyes—what sweet surprise
Did Adam feel, when first he gazed
Into those mirrors, and amazed
Beheld his image, pictured there,
In truest love's disguise appear,—
Were sparkling bright ;
Not like the eyes of those who dance away
The livelong light,
And hie to bed at earliest break of day.
Next noon their blood-shot orbs with listless ray,
The gay *abandon* of the night betray.

The drooping eyelids' shadowy fringe
Which Persia's maids with kohol tinge,
Lent dreamy softness to her eyes—
Charm of the maid of Southern skies.
Upon her cheeks a rosy blush—
(Not rouge or carmine, filthy paint
Which oft bedaubs "a modern saint,"
But of true health the enlivening flush,)
Darkened or paled with each emotion
Of joy, or fear, or fond devotion.
Her ruby lips—not painted gates
Which hide the Dentists' costly plates,—
Enclosed a set of pearly teeth
Like lilies in a double wreath.

Form, limbs, and features, all combined,
Were but the index to her mind.
From every gentle glance there stole
Bright flashes that revealed the soul,
And every varied change, that played
Each moment o'er her joyous face,
Her feelings and her thoughts betrayed,
And heightened every witching grace.

w.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Wooden Spoon Promenade Concert.

On Wednesday evening June 19th, Helmsmüller's Band, under the auspices of the Spoon Committee, gave the usual Promenade Concert, at Music Hall. The attendance was larger than it has been for many years. The hall had been decorated with taste and elegance. The music was bewitching, the ladies divine, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

Wooden Spoon.

The Presentation of the Wooden Spoon, with its accompanying exercises, lent interest to the following evening. The audience was more brilliant than usual, and showed, by rapturous applause, the pleasure which the performances excited. So much eloquence has already been displayed in describing this exhibition, and it is a subject with which we are all so well acquainted, that I shall not enter into a particular account. The following is the—

Programme.

1. Opening Load, "The Bird of Paradise."
- N. B. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining these animals, the Committee have decided to *leave out* the Opening Load.
2. Music. - - - - - Helmsmüller's 22d Regt. Band.
3. Latin Salutatory. - - - - - William W. Farnam.
4. Music.
5. Colloquy; "The Tragedy of Electra." - - - - - W. W. F.
6. Song; "Cujus Animam."
7. High Oration; "The Advantages of a Classical Education." Roland Redmond.
8. Music.
9. Colloquy; "Junior Exhibition." - - - - - E. B. Bennett.
10. Song. - - - - - R. E. S.
11. Philosophical Oration; "The Phosphorescence of Putrescent Fire,
Sublimated in the Correlation and Conservation of Invisible
Luminosity." - - - - - F. V. D. Garretson.
12. Music.
13. Colloquy; "Freshman Year." - - - - - A. C. Walworth.
14. Song. - - - - - E. C. S.
15. Music.

SPOON ADDRESSES.

16. Presentation, - - - - - Lewis Lampman.
17. Reception, - - - - - Charles F. Brown.
18. Music.
19. Doxology; "Gaudeamus."

The Spoon was a beautiful piece of workmanship, and in after years will be to its recipient a cherished memento of College days, and of the friendship of the Class of '66.

And that was to us (to *all* of us I hope) the last of our Junior year. All thanks to the Nine who so gracefully made the parting Junior bow in our behalf.

Presentation Day.

Wednesday, June 21st, dawned, not with a cloudless morn, as all had fervently wished, but with fog and drizzling rain. On account of the damp weather, the College Chapel was not as crowded at half past ten in the morning as it usually is on such occasions, and, in consequence, every one listened to the exercises with greater comfort. It was a common remark, however, on that morning, as well as at all the exercises of Presentation Week, that New Haven had rarely witnessed so large an assemblage of beautiful girls.

While beauty, fashion, and learning were pouring into the Chapel, a Band of Music, on the roof of the portico, did much toward dispelling the gloom of sorrow, and of rain. Those who understood it, were greatly delighted with the Latin Address of the President.

There was the usual announcement of Prizes. The list will be found in our Memorabilia.

Henry A. Brown, of Philadelphia, added, if such a thing were possible, to his previous reputation as a poet. The eloquent music which fell from his lips will long linger in the memories of his listeners. The Orator was Allen McLean, of New Haven. At noon, the Class and the Faculty partook of a spread at Alumni Hall, preparatory, on the part of the former, to the trying ordeal of the afternoon. The sun shone out a little at noon, and a little before two, fair faces and bright dresses began to enliven the College Green. But the "fickle tears of April," by some mistake, trickled down, even in the sunshine, as though the day were uncertain whether to laugh or cry. Finally, the latter was resigned to the Seniors, and under a clear sky—the air filled with sweet music—the saddened hearts of '65 met to bid farewell. But first, in accordance with a time-honored custom, they retraced their history, and recalled, especially, those who had gone before. The histories read by H. A. Brown and M. J. Hyde, deserve especial mention, for the wit and ability displayed.

The Histories finished, the pipes smoked, and the songs sung, the ring was formed, and the parting words spoken. No wonder that men who are severing themselves from four years' youthful affection, should feel more than ordinary emotion. "It is," indeed, "a time for memory and for tears."

Around that Ivy, hallowed by association with Abbotsford and Scott, Irving and Sunny-side, fond, fond memories will linger. Cheers were given for each building, the President and Professors were visited, and the Class of '65 had completed its active career.

The sorrow displayed by the Class was not the only sorrow of the day. Those of us who looked on, though glad of our own promotion, could not see, without a sigh, the departure of friends whom three years had taught us to admire and love. Wherever they go, our heartfelt sympathies attend them.

DeForest Oration.

On Friday afternoon, June 23d, the contest for the DeForest Medal took place in the Chapel, before a large audience. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:—

- I. The Statesman and Politician Compared,
TOLIVER FRANKLIN CASKEY, *Cincinnati, O.*
- II. The Statesman and Politician Compared,
WILLIAM STOCKING, *Waterbury, Conn.*
- III. Influence of House of Commons on English Liberty,
HENRY ALBERT STIMSON, *Patterson, N. J.*
- IV. Oratory in America, its Perils and opportunities,
WILBUR RUSSELL BACON, *New Haven, Conn.*
- V. Influence of House of Commons on English Liberty,
JOHN LEWIS EWELL, *Byfield, Mass.*
- VI. The Statesman and Politician Compared,
JOSEPH APPLETON BENT, *New Ipswich, N. H.*

After the speaking had ended, an anxious crowd awaited at the doors for the announcement of the decision. The whole contest had possessed greater merit and interest than is usual, but among the student hearers, there seemed to prevail only one opinion as to the result. This was the decision:—"The judges found it difficult to decide between Bent and Ewell, but award the Medal to Bent." The Orations of both these gentlemen will be found in this No. of the *LIT.*

The DeForest Oration is printed, by permission, with greater fullness than when spoken; a few minutes having been added.

Sophomore Prizes.

For English Composition, Class of 1867.

	1ST DIVISION,	2D DIVISION,	3D DIVISION.
1st Prize,	W. Bruce,	{ J. W. Hartshorn, J. F. Merriam,	R. W. Woodward,
2d Prize,	{ D. J. Burrell, R. E. DeForest,	A. E. Dunning,	{ N. C. Sheldon, P. R. Taft,
3d Prize,	H. M. Dexter,	J. J. DuBois,	E. A. Turrell.

Prize Poem.

W. N. BISHOP.

For Declamation, Class of 1867.

	1ST DIVISION,	2D DIVISION,	3D DIVISION.
1st Prize,	R. E. DeForest,	{ J. G. Flanders, J. F. Merriam,	F. M. Sprague,
2d Prize,	{ W. Bruce, D. J. Burrell,	{ W. B. Harding, F. H. Hathorn,	{ B. Vincent, F. H. Wilson,
3d Prize,	C. W. Betts,	A. E. Lamb, F. G. Newlands,	{ J. W. Partridge, J. M. Spencer.

The First Senior Mathematical Prize was not awarded this year. The second was given to Samuel J. Peck.

In the Freshman Class ('68,) the first prize for the solution of mathematical problems was given to E. W. Miller, the second to Oscar Harger.

At the scholarship examination in the Freshman Class, the following awards were made:

First Scholarship, William C. Wood.

Second Scholarship, H. P. Wright.

Third Scholarship, E. A. Lawrence.

A prize for excellence in mathematics, from the Clark fund, was assigned to E. W. Miller.

CORRECTION.—In the Freshman Debate, in Brothers in Unity, Samuel Watson shared the third prize.

Boating.

At the regular annual meeting of the Glyuna Club, held Wednesday, June 14th, 1865, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Captain, A. B. HERRICK, '66.

First Lieutenant, HENRY J. SLOANE, '66.

Second Lieutenant, GEO. A. ADEE, '67.

Third Lieutenant, SAM'L. WHEELER, '68.

Purser, GEO. F. BRITTON, '66.

Race.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 14th, a race was rowed over the usual course, for the Champion Gig Flag, then held by Glyuna. The Varuna, Glyuna, and Undine boats were competitors. The start was made after considerable trouble and delay. The Glyuna was next the Commodore's boat, the Undine next, and then the Varuna. The latter led handsomely from the start and turned the bouy a clear length ahead of the Undine—the Glyuna having fallen so far behind as to be entirely out of the contest. Shortly after rounding the bouy, the Glyuna was swamped. The crew were picked up by Mr. Keep, who was sailing near by. The Varuna increased her distance from the Undine till both boats were inside the wharf, when the Undine came up rapidly, and it became evident that the Varuna was full of water and could not continue much longer on the surface. Within a few rods of the end of the race the Varuna sank, the crew rowing till the water floated their oars from the outriggers. Thus was the race left to the Undine. The time was twenty-one minutes and fifteen seconds.

Considering that the water was rough enough to sink two of the boats, and that the winning boat is built upon only a moderately light model, the scientific crew have reason to be proud of the time.

The Varuna Club immediately sent a challenge to the Undine which was accepted, and the race was appointed for Wednesday, July 12th.

The Race.

For once the water in the harbor was comparatively smooth, and just at the time of the race, the breeze light.

A trifling delay was caused by the Varuna breaking one of her rudder wires, but the boats were soon in position and at the word "go!" made a magnificent start. The Undine had the inside, Varuna the outside of the course. Once under headway, the boats soon flew by Long Wharf, but the Varuna was considerably ahead. The bouy was rounded by Varuna in eight minutes and forty-five seconds, and by the Undine in eight minutes and fifty-five seconds. When the boats returned they were very near together, but the Varuna quickened her stroke and won the race by twelve seconds. The time made was

Varuna, 18 min. 52 sec.

Undine, 19 min. 4 sec.

The scientific crew, although beaten, deserve great credit for pluck and endurance which they manifested under difficulties.

The crews were:—

Varuna.

(Bow,) C. F. BROWN,
E. COFFIN, JR.,
E. B. BENNETT,
I. PIERSON,
B. VINCENT,
(Stroke,) G. P. DAVIS.

Undine.

(Bow,) J. WHITTLESEY,
T. SKEEL,
P. GROVE,
CHAS. MALLORY,
D. C. HASKELL,
(Stroke,) A. S. PALMER.

At a special meeting of Linonia, held Thursday, June, 15th, EDWARD A. CASEWELL was elected Vice-President, in place of ALBERTSON CASE, resigned.

By request we print the following:—

Resolutions on Class Pictures.

At a meeting of the Class of '65, held June 19th, after many complimentary notices of Mr. SANBORN and his splendid work, it was *unanimously* voted that the Committee on Class Pictures be requested to draft resolutions expressive of the feeling of the Class, toward their artist.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved 1st. That the thanks of the Class of 1865, Yale College, are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. SANBORN, of Lowell, for the faithful and admirable execution of his contract for Class Pictures.

Resolved 2nd. That in correctness of likeness, distinctness and beauty of finish, the pictures are unequaled. Every photograph seems to have received special attention.

Resolved 3d. That the unanimous and perfect satisfaction of the Class, justifies them in recommending Mr. SANBORN to succeeding classes in Yale and other colleges.

Resolved 4th. That the Committee desire to bear personal testimony to the patience, fidelity and artistic skill of Mr. SANBORN, and have no hesitation in affirming that to the best of their knowledge, the pictures of '65 are absolutely unrivaled.

T. F. CASKEY,
F. W. KITTRIDGE, } *Committee.*
H. W. WARREN,

Appointments for Commencement---1865.

VALEDICTORY ORATION.

John L. Ewell, Byfield, Mass.

SALUTATORY ORATION.

Charles H. Smith, Beirut, Syria.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.

Robert P. Keep, Hartford, Conn.

John E. Brooks, New York City.

Payson Merrill, Stratham, N. H.

HIGH ORATIONS.

Joseph H. Isham, New Haven, Conn.
William Stocking, Waterbury, Conn.

ORATIONS.

Marshall R. Gaines, Granby, Conn.
Josiah H. Bissell, Rochester, N. Y.
Henry P. Collin, Penn Yan, N. Y.
Henry A. Stimson, Paterson, N. J.
Edwin H. Wilson, Westmoreland, N. Y.
Charles P. Blanchard, Richmond, Ind.
John B. Wood, Morristown, N. J.
Elmer B. Adams, Pomfret, Vt.
Simeon O. Allen, Enfield, Conn.
Gouverneur M. Thompson, Seymour, Conn.
Charles H. Leonard, Southbridge, Mass.
Adelbert P. Chapman, Ellington, Conn.
Willis L. Reeves, Elkton, Ky.
Henry W. Warren, Holden, Mass.
Louis Stoskopf, Freeport, Ill.

DISSERTATIONS.

William T. Comstock, Stamford, Conn.
James G. Gregory, Norwalk, Conn.
Charles E. Blake, New Haven, Conn.
Henry Churchill, Gloversville, N. Y.
Toliver F. Caskey, Cincinnati, O.
Sidney V. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.
Benjamin C. Riggs, New York City.

FIRST DISPUTES.

Oscar R. Burchard, Binghamton, N. Y.
Corydon G. Stowell, Utica, N. Y.

SECOND DISPUTES.

Michael T. Newbold, Mt. Holley, N. J.
Tuzar Bulkley, Catskill, N. Y.
George H. Ely, Elyria, O.
James S. Norton, Lockport, Ill.
Edward Dummer, Byfield, Mass.

FIRST COLLOQUIES.

Courtney S. Kitchell, Chicago, Ill.
John Dalzell, Pittsburgh, Penn.
Morris M. Budlong, Utica, N. Y.
George S. Dickerman, New Haven, Conn.
Walter B. Smith, Philadelphia, Penn.

SECOND COLLOQUIES.

Sanford S. Martyn, New Haven, Conn.
Charles N. Taintor, Colchester, Conn.
Roderick Byington, Belvidere, N. J.
Joseph A. Bent, New Ipswich, N. H.
Henry C. McCreary, Sacramento, Cal.

Editor's Table.

So many events of interest have transpired since our last issue, that one month seems more nearly two. After the gay company and excitement of Presentation Week, steady, uniform College life, proved very insipid, and it is to be feared, that "recitations were not supported with proper vigour." Just now, however, we are all unable to perceive how lonely and deserted are our College grounds. Even the monkish fare of New Haven boarding-houses, transcends our appetizing powers. Our hearts are all centered in Alumni Hall. They are greatly troubled. We believe in the Faculty, but the Faculty do not believe in us. So they are trying us in a fiery crucible. As we,—the Editorial we,—sat at table 116, unable to give any explanation whatever of the sixth point in the paper on Natural Philosophy, how we longed to be seated in this quiet, cosey sanctum, writing whatever nonsense we would, yet sure of a kind reader's indulgence. Certainly, every member of '66 will vote, that *Annals* are a horrid bore. They are detrimental to the morals. Infidelity flourishes at Harvard, where they are an old institution; and since their introduction here, profanity is perceptibly on the increase. Let our oppressors remember, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." It is whispered, that hereafter, Presentation Week will not occur till near the middle of July, but we sincerely hope the rumor is incorrect, (or at least that such an arrangement will not be carried into effect before the year 1867). And, speaking of Presentation Week, calls to mind a Communication sent for this No. of the *LIT.*, purporting to be a letter from an "*I witness*," to his cousin, describing, in a *peculiarly* witty manner, the events of that week. It is *too* funny; we would not dare publish it, for fear of the consequences to our readers, and sincerely advise the author never again "to be as funny as he can."

It says, in *Ecclesiastes*, "there is no new thing under the sun." Wendell Phillips' lecture on the "Lost Arts," tends to the same conclusion. But, notwithstanding all this, we cannot decide that originality, as opposed to imitation, is an impossibility. In composition of literary works, one may happen on a train of reasoning or a method of expression, which has been used before. Indeed, excessive similarity may often be discovered in the works of writers in different ages and countries. But we are not at liberty to decide, at once, that any plagiarism has been committed. Identity of thought, or even of language, does not necessarily prove deliberate copying on the part of any one. Many men may, by the same breeze, sail their boats in parallel courses, without being aware of the fact. In judging of such cases, great care and leniency should always be employed.

There are a great multitude of instances, however, in our American literature, where plagiarism has undoubtedly been committed, and these deserve, and always receive, scorn and contempt. But, falling short of rank plagiarism, many copy, in some measure, from the writings of others. Are there not among College students extraordinary temptations to this practice? When a subject for Composition has been assigned, what is more natural than to consult all the meritorious works in which it is treated, and for writers of Prize Compositions, to study them? Now, who that has made himself familiar with the ideas and language of the finest writ-

ters about his theme, can go forward in a new, original course? About one mind in a thousand. The rest merely re-produce what they have read, and the new birth is often an abortion. The less honest boldly copy from authors, whom they think comparatively lost sight of, and make their (?) productions an "Olla Podrida." Lawrence Sterne appositely asks, in *Tristram Shandy*, "shall we ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, only by pouring from one vessel into another?" Is not this the method often adopted? With the Class of '63, the Faculty began a course which might have done much toward removing this tendency to imitation and plagiarism, and toward strengthening the native powers of thought. The course was this. The whole Class was seated in Alumni Hall, as at Biennial, and then subjects were given, upon which, without any foreign aid, Compositions had to be written. Why such a plan was not continued, we are unable to say, but it seems as if it might have been made a powerful agent for mental improvement. We are told, the object of a Collegiate course is to discipline and strengthen the mind; would it not be better, then, to re-adopt the course just mentioned, than to copy Harvard in her annual examinations?

But we turn from these sober reflections, to lighter and more pleasant themes. For the past few weeks, the Boat-House and the Water have been the greatest sources of attraction. Our University crew cannot complain of any lack of sympathy or admiration on our part. Sophomores, "with boating on the brain," eye them reverently, as they pass, and never seem pronder, than when they can crowd around their representative; while Juniors and Seniors even invade the sanctity of their dressing-room, and eagerly canvass every blister. A few days ago, the new shell, the advent of which had been so eagerly and anxiously awaited, made her trial trip in front of the Boat-House, where there was no lack of spectators. This is the longest and narrowest shell, if we have not been misinformed, ever built in the United States. Its length is fifty-one feet, its greatest breadth twenty inches. It was found necessary to make some alterations before the boat could be used to advantage; but, at best, the boat seems to many an experiment which is unlikely to succeed. All the arrangements for the race, however, as far as Yale is concerned, are in the hands of our Commodore, Wilbur Bacon, and that is sufficient guarantee of their success.

For the first time in his life, the present Editor has been visited by the Devil in tangible shape. He said, "get thee behind me, Satan," but he wouldn't do it. He insists on "copy," at once, and we must bow to the inexorable fates.

But, before we make an end of our rambling talk, (which must be left but half begun,) allow us to say, that we sympathize deeply with you in the common infliction, and especially with the poor "crammed unfortunates," whom the Faculty shall ordain as "awful examples."

Our Exchanges.

We acknowledge that we have received, with pleasure and profit, the "Atlantic," for July: three numbers of a new Magazine, of great merit, entitled, "Hours at Home;" the "Williams Quarterly," and the first No. of "Mrs. Grundy." The latter is a comic paper, just started in New York, and one we can sincerely recommend to the attention of our readers.

We are indebted to T. H. Pease for copies of "The Man Without a Country," "Songs for all Seasons," by Tennyson, and "Household Poems," by Longfellow.

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The Students of Yale College.

The THIRTIETH VOLUME of this Magazine commenced with October, 1864. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

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